

# STITCHES



MY NEXT PATIENT IS A  
VERY FAMOUS RADIO  
PERSONALITY. BUT DON'T  
SAY ANYTHING IF YOU  
RECOGNIZE HIM.  
HE HATES THAT.



HE'S HERE FOR A  
FACE LIFT, A NECK LIFT,  
AN EAR TRIM AND A  
NOSE JOB.



OK! WHERE'S THAT  
DIRTBAG, MORON  
PANTLOAD, STUPID  
PLASTIC  
SURGEON!?!  
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SORRY... I MEAN,  
WHERE'S  
DR.  
TUCK?



YOU'RE THE FAMOUS  
RADIO PERSON  
HERE FOR DR. TUCK,  
RIGHT?



THAT'S  
RIGHT,  
YOU  
STUPID  
MORON  
JERK!

WHEW! SORRY!  
I DIDN'T  
MEAN THAT.  
I JUST CALL  
PEOPLE  
NAMES ON  
THE RADIO  
ALL DAY.  
I CAN'T  
HELP  
IT...



THAT'S OK ...  
...NICE  
HAT.



EH...

WANNA  
BUY IT?



I CAN'T HELP  
IT. EVERY  
DAY I GET ON  
THE RADIO  
AND CALL  
IMPORTANT  
PEOPLE  
INSULTING  
NAMES.

LIKE  
WHO?



THE PRESIDENT, THE VICE  
PRESIDENT, TV AND MOVIE  
STARS. ANY-  
BODY I FEEL  
LIKE.



WELL... I WOULDN'T CALL  
MY PLASTIC SURGEON  
NAMES.

YEAH...  
GOOD  
THINK-  
ING...



STUPID, DIRTBAG, MORON  
PANTLOAD, FOOL, IDIOT...  
...JUST GETTING  
IT OUT OF MY SYSTEM.

BOOB,  
JERK,  
FOOL...  
HMM,  
SAID  
FOOL...



HERE ARE YOUR  
X-RAYS, MRS. KELLY.



WAIT A MINUTE,  
THESE AREN'T YOURS.



YOU DON'T EAT  
LEGOS, DO YOU?



OH, NO... THAT  
MEXICAN FOOD  
IS MUCH  
TOO SPICY.



SORRY ABOUT OUR  
MAGAZINES.

NOT AT ALL.

WAITING ROOM



I ALWAYS WELCOME  
THE OPPORTUNITY TO  
CATCH UP ON  
THE NEWS.



AH... TIME  
MAGAZINE.



INSIDE THE  
MONDALE  
CAMPAIGN...



Y'KNOW, MY  
HUSBAND STARTED  
JOGGING WHEN  
HE WAS 65.



HE'S 74 TODAY.  
THAT'S  
9 YEARS  
AGO.



HE COULD BE  
ANYWHERE  
BY THIS  
TIME.

